

G.I.
JOE

Pride of the Infantry... THE PHANTOM COMPANY

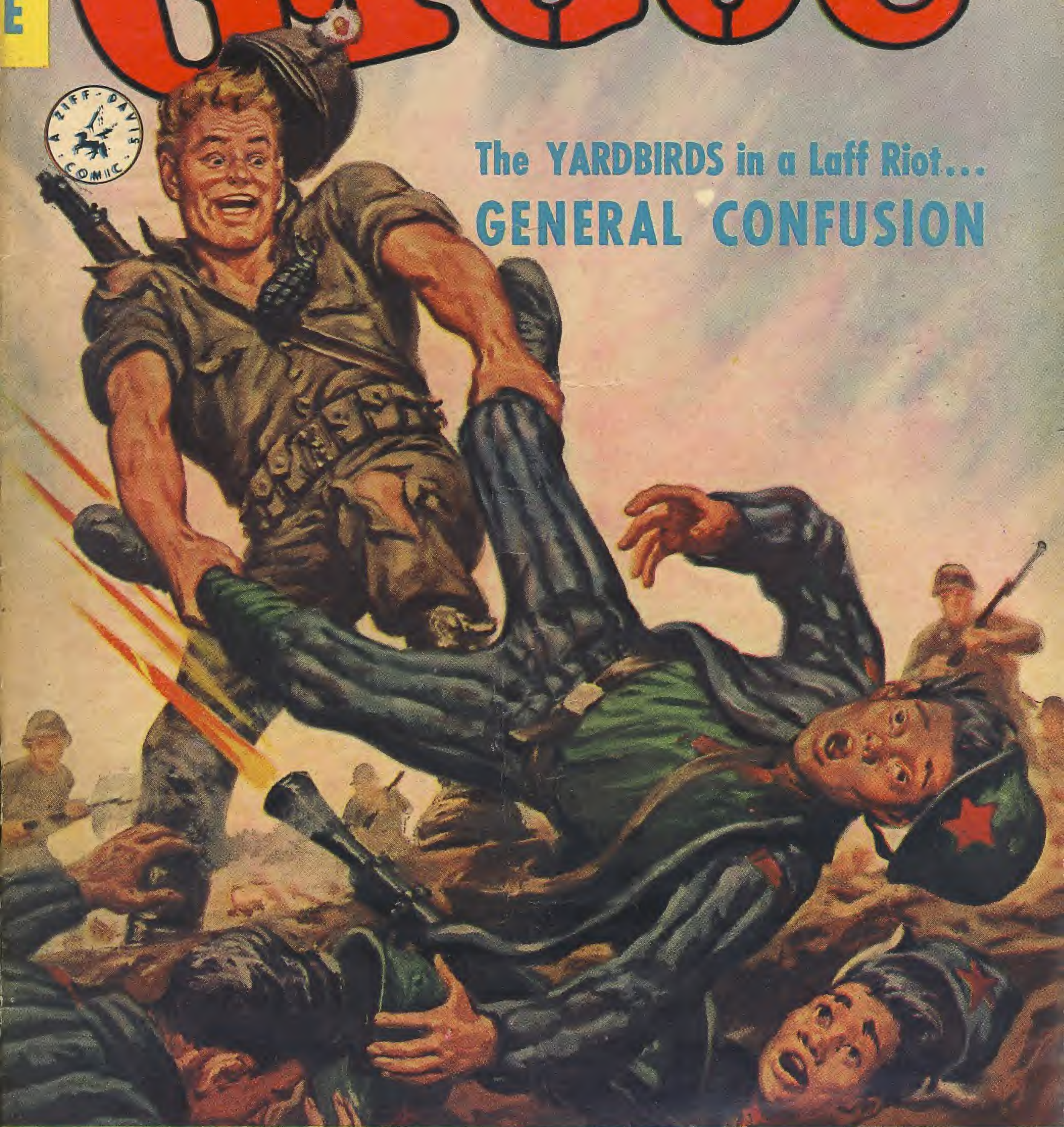
NO. 20
APRIL

10¢

G.I. Joe



The YARDBIRDS in a Laff Riot...
GENERAL CONFUSION



Joe Joins the Comanches...
THE VANISHING AMERICAN

Baker's John L. Sullivan...
THE RING DANCER



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS



only
\$1.00

**Grows
in 4 Days
Lasts for months
in any season**

**Winter-Summer,
Spring or Fall
Grow grasses green
and flowers tall.**



Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items—you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog . . . Many other exciting features.

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

For Boys and Girls of All Ages

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10 Day Trial FREE

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400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden.

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Address _____



G.I. Joe

in

The PHANTOM COMPANY

YOU'VE ALL MET ZEB MCCrackEN, THE YOUNG SOLDIER-COMPOSER OF "BAKER" COMPANY, HERE, ONCE AGAIN, ZEB'S GUITAR PROVIDES THE CADENCE, AS THE FOOT-SORE MEN OF COMPANY "B" RETURN FROM BATTLE, SOMEWHERE IN KOREA ...





A PIT! C'MON,
YOU GUYS!
DIVE IN!



WE GOTTA
KEEP 'EM
FROM
CLOSIN' IN!

GEE, I HOPE
THE OTHERS
GOT THROUGH
OKAY!

POW!
POW!

PING!
PING!

FOR HOURS, THE FIGHT CONTINUES. AND THEN,
AS DARKNESS FALLS...



MAKE EVERY BULLET
COUNT! WE'RE RUNNIN'
LOW ON ---

LISTEN, SARGE...
THEY STOPPED
FIRIN'!

THAT MEANS THEY MUSTA RUN OUTA
FLARES! DON'TCHA SEE? IT'S GETTIN'
DARK AN' THEY DON'T WANNA WASTE
NO AMMO! THEY'RE
GONNA WAIT
TILL MORNIN'!

ALL RIGHT, YOU
GUYS! SAVE YOUR
FIRE! AIN'T NOTHIN'
TO DO BUT WAIT--
AN' TRY TO FIGGER
A WAY OUTA
HERE!

AND THE LONG ORDEAL OF
WAITING BEGINS. TENSION
MOUNTS...



WHAT'RE WE
WAITIN' FOR?
WHY DON'T WE
BLAST OUR WAY
OUTA HERE? WE'LL
BE SITTIN' DUCKS IN
THE MORNIN'!

EASY, KID!
WE'LL
FIGGER A
WAY OUT!

HEY, ZEB!
GOT A
SONG
FER US?



THIS HERE SONG'S
CALLED "THE
PHANTOM COMPANY!"

PHANTOM
COMPANY?
NOW, THAT'S
A NICE, PLEASANT
THOUGHT AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!

OH, THIS HERE IS
A STORY
'BOUT THE PHANTOM
COMPAN-EE
THEY WUZ LED BY
CAP'N DAVY
WHO WUZ ALL OF
5 FOOT 3!





BUT HIS SIZE, IT DIDN'T
MUCH MATTER,
AN' HIS WEIGHT DIDN'T
RAISE NO "BUTS,"
CUZ WHAT HE LACKED
IN SIZE AND WEIGHT
HE MADE UP FER IN
GUTS!

GEE! I
KIN ALMOST
SEE 'IM
NOW!

NOW, THIS HERE PHANTOM COMPANY
WUZ HOLED UP IN A CAVE,
WHILE OUTSIDE THE FOE STOOD WAITIN'
F TO MAKE EACH MAN A SLAVE!



BUT THESE WUZ MEN OF FREEDOM
AN' SO THEY HELD THEIR GROUND.
THEY STARVED FOR FIFTEEN DAYS AND NIGHTS
BUT NEVER MADE A SOUND.

AN' JUST WHEN THINGS LOOKED BLACKEST,
A FUNNY THING TOOK PLACE:
A MOLE WHO'D STARTED DIGGIN' THERE,
LOOKED UP FROM FACE TO FACE.



IT LOOKED LIKE HE WUZ TRYIN' HARD
TO TELL 'EM WHAT TO DO,
WHEN SUDDEN-LIKE THE CAP'N ROSE,
AN' SAID, WHY SHUCKS! HE KNEW!

HE TOLD THE MEN TO
FOLLER HIM
AN' FIND THEMSELVES
SHARP ROCKS,
TO TAKE ALONG AN'..

WAIT! THAT'S
IT! C'MON,
WE'RE GONNA
START DIGGIN'!





DIGGIN'? ARE YOU NUTS? WE CAN'T TUNNEL OUR WAY OUTA HERE!

TUNNEL--NO! BUT, LISTEN...



HMM! SOUNDS GOOD T' ME! OKAY, YOU GUYS! YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID! WE'RE GONNA START DIGGIN'!

THE MEN FIND AN OPENING IN THE ROCKS AND DIG A TRENCH-LIKE FURROW TOWARD THE ENEMY LINES...



KEEP PUSHIN' THAT DIRT BETWEEN YER LEGS! WE DON'T WANT TO SHOW UP OVER THE SIDES! THIS WAY THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT WE'RE DOIN' WHEN IT STARTS GETTIN' LIGHT!

AND AS DAWN APPROACHES...



LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!

GET DOWN! THEY'RE PROBABLY GETTIN' READY TO ATTACK! WE GOTTA DIG OUR WAY AROUND 'EM!



KEEP DOWN AN' DON'T MAKE NO NOISE! WE WANNA SURPRISE 'EM!



SUDDENLY...

AAAGH

AIEEE!

BLAM

RATATAT



THERE'S MORE OF 'EM THAN WE FIGGERED! THEY'RE PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT!

ZEB! THEY GOT ZEB!

RATATATAT

PING!



HEY! WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT MOST OF 'EM!

HOW'S ZEB?

PRETTY BAD! WE'LL HAFTA GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

AND HOURS LATER, BACK AT CAMP...



HEY, LOOK! IT'S- IT'S OUR GUYS! THEY'RE ALIVE!

YAHOOO! THEY CAME BACK!



WE'D GIVEN YOU MEN UP FOR LOST! HOW DID YOU EVER GET THROUGH!

Y'MIGHT SAY ZEB MCCrackEN DONE IT, COLONEL-- WITH ONE OF THEM SONGS HE'S ALWAYS WRITIN'! HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED...



QUITE A STORY! HOW ABOUT THAT, DAILY?

IN ALL MY YEARS AS A COMBAT CORRESPONDENT, I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING LIKE IT! AND NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME--I'VE GOTTA GET TO A TYPEWRITER!



HEY, GUYS! LOOKIT THIS! WE'RE FAMOUS! THEY'RE CALLIN' US THE PHANTOM COMPANY!



AND THE NEWS SPREADS THROUGHOUT KOREA...

THAT PHANTOM COMPANY-- WHAT AN OUTFIT!

LOOK! THEY EVEN GOT A SONG ABOUT 'EM!



SOON, NEW VERSES ARE ADDED TO THOSE OF ZEB'S SONG...

NOW, KEEP IN LINE AND KEEP IN STEP AND KEEP 'EM MOVING THROUGH, 'CAUSE THE PHANTOM COMPANY'S A-CALLIN' CADENCE JUST FOR YOU!

Z Z F

AND IN BARRACKS...



NOW, IF YOU SHOULD FIND MY GAL A-SITTIN' ON SOME OTHER FELLER'S KNEE, TELL 'ER TO GET OFF AN' START A-KNITTIN' FOR THE PHANTOM COMPAN-EE!

AND SOON THE SONG BECOMES LEGEND. SOME TIME LATER, AT A HOSPITAL BEHIND THE LINES...



LOOKS LIKE YER SONG'S FAMOUS, ZEB! EVERYBODY'S SINGIN' IT! AN' THEY'RE CALLIN' US THE PHANTOM COMPANY!

IT'S SHORE ENOUGH A TRUE SONG, AIN'T IT? SOMEBODY SHOULDA WROTE A SONG ABOUT YOU FELLERS LONG BEFORE THIS!

WE'LL BE SHOVIN' OFF, ZEB. YOU PROB'LY WANNA GET SOME REST!

HECK, NO! AH'M GONNA CATCH UP ON MAH MAIL! AIN'T WROTE MAH FOLKS IN WEEKS!



A WEEK LATER...

JEST GOT A LETTER FROM MAH BOY, ZEB! A FINE SOLDIER, THAT BOY! AN' HE OUGHT T'BE! BEEN SOLDIERS IN OUR FAMILY FER GENERATIONS!



THAT THERE WUZ CAP'IN DAVY MCCRACKEN! FOUGHT IN THE WAR FER INDEPENDENCE, HE DID! HE WUZ TRAPPED IN A CAVE WITH HIS MEN -- BUT THEY FINALLY GOT OUT!



QUITE A STORY, THAT ONE! REMIND ME T'TELL Y'ABOUT IT SOMETIME!

YES, SIR -- WE SHORE GOT FIGHTIN' MEN IN OUR FAMILY!



THE END

G.I. Joe in The Ring Dancer

EVERYBODY LOVES TO WATCH A FIGHT... ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S UNUSUAL! PVT. JOE BURCH THOUGHT HE'D SEEN EVERYTHING, UNTIL SGT. MULVANEY INVOLVED HIM IN A PRIZEFIGHT WITH A BRITISHER WHO FOUGHT IN MORE THAN AN "UNUSUAL" STYLE -- MUCH TO MULVANEY'S REGRET! OUR STORY OPENS IN A REAR ECHELON AREA. "BAKER" COMPANY HAS BIVOUACKED NEXT TO A BRITISH OUTFIT...



BLIMEY! THEM YANKS NEED **EXPERIENCE** IN STRETCHIN' CANVAS!

OH, THEY'VE 'AD **EXPERIENCE**, PUTTIN' UP THEIR **WIGWAMS** BACK 'OME!

BREAK IT OFF, OR I'LL CUT DOWN ON YER FISH 'N' CHIPS!

BOY! I CAN SEE WHERE THIS IS GONNA BE **GREAT BIVOUACKIN'** -- NEXT TO A BUNCH O' **TOMMIES!**



IF YOU YANKS'D LIKE **INSTRUCTIONS** IN THE ART O' TENT-PITCHIN', DON'T 'ESITATE TO CALL ON US!

G'WAN! YOU'D RUIN YER MANICURE!



'ERE, YOU BLOKES, BACK T'YER POSTS! STOP BOTHERIN' TH' BEFUDDLED YANKS!



LOOKIT TH' **SIZE O'** THAT **BEEF-EATER!**

HE LOOKS LIKE AN ESCAPED WALRUS! WONDER WHO HE IS!



PLEASED T'MEET
YOU, LADS!
SNITTERFIELD'S
THE NAME! LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE GOIN'
T'BE NEIGHBORS!
LUCKY FOR YOU
CHAPS!

IT WASN'T **LUCK**,
SNITTERFIELD! WE
HAD T'GIT A
SPECIAL OKAY
FROM **WASHINGTON**
TO CAMP NEXT TO
YER **GREAT**
OUTFIT!

AND WE
HAD TO **PROMISE**
NOT TO BOTHER
YOUR BOYS AT
TEA TIME!



HM-M-M! LOOKS LIKE YOU
CHAPS NEED A LESSON IN
'OW **REAL** FIGHTIN' MEN
ACT IN COMBAT—AND
IN THE **RING**!

IF YA
MEAN **PRIZEFIGHTIN'**
—THAT TAKES
ABILITY!



HAW-HAW-HAW!! **ABILITY**,
IS IT? WELL, OLD FELLOW,
WE'VE GOT THE WORLD'S
GREATEST RING FIGHTER
IN OUR OUTFIT!
CORPORAL KEITH
PITTMAN'S 'IS
NAME!



TH' **GREATEST**? THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! WE
GOT TH' TOP
PRIZEFIGHTER
EAST O' FRISCO!

OH? BRING ON TH'
LAD, SERGEANT! LET'S
'AVE A LOOK AT 'IM!



WHY—ER, **JOE BURCH** IS
OUR MAN! BEST LI'L OL'
PRIZEFIGHTER IN
TH' REGIMENT!
RIGHT, BURCH?

SARGE! ER—
GULP—I'M—ER
—OUT OF
CONDITION!



SERGEANT, YOU'VE GOT
A MATCH! 'OW ABOUT
'AVIN' TH' FIGHT ONE
WEEK FROM TONIGHT?

IT'S A DEAL, **SNITTERFIELD**!
AN' YER MAN BETTER
BE GOOD!

ATTA BOY, **JOE**!
YOU'LL **MOIDER**
TH' **TOMMY**!



BUT I'VE NEVER
BOXED IN A
RING IN
MY LIFE!

DON'T WORRY,
JOE BOY! OL'
CARP'LL GIVE YA
SOME TIPS! I WAS
KING O' TH' RING
AT TH' YMCA!

LATER THE FOLLOWING DAY...

JOLLY IDEA, THIS MATCH, LEFTENANT!

IF IT TAKES THE MEN'S MIND OFF THE WAR IT WILL ACHIEVE ITS PURPOSE, CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD!



BRING YER RIGHT CLOSER TO YER CHIN, JOE, AN' KEEP YER LEFT COCKED FER JABBIN'!

YER STANCE IS GOOD, JOE — BUT WATCH YER CROSSOVER!



WOT'S YER LAD'S WEIGHT, MULVANEY?

185 — STRIPPED!

FAIR ENOUGH! OUR PITTMAN WEIGHS IN AT 130 — AFTER TWELVE BEERS!



WHAT'RE YA TRYIN' T'SET UP — A MURDER? THAT'S 55 POUNDS DIFFERENCE IN WEIGHT!

THAT'S TH' KIND O' HANDICAP PITTMAN LIKES TO 'AVE! MATTER OF FACT, IT'S A SHAME BURCH IS SO LIGHT!

SAY, BUSTER — WHEN CAN WE TAKE A LOOK AT YER GREAT PITTMAN?



BLIMEY, I MEANT T'TELL YOU! OUR LAD PITTMAN IS QUITE SHY! NEVER LIKES T'AVE ANYONE WATCHIN' WHILE 'E TRAINS! NOTHIN' SECRET, Y' KNOW — JUST SHY!

SOUNDS LIKE PITTMAN'S A BAD INSURANCE RISK, SPOTTIN' A GUY 55 POUNDS FOR A FIGHT!

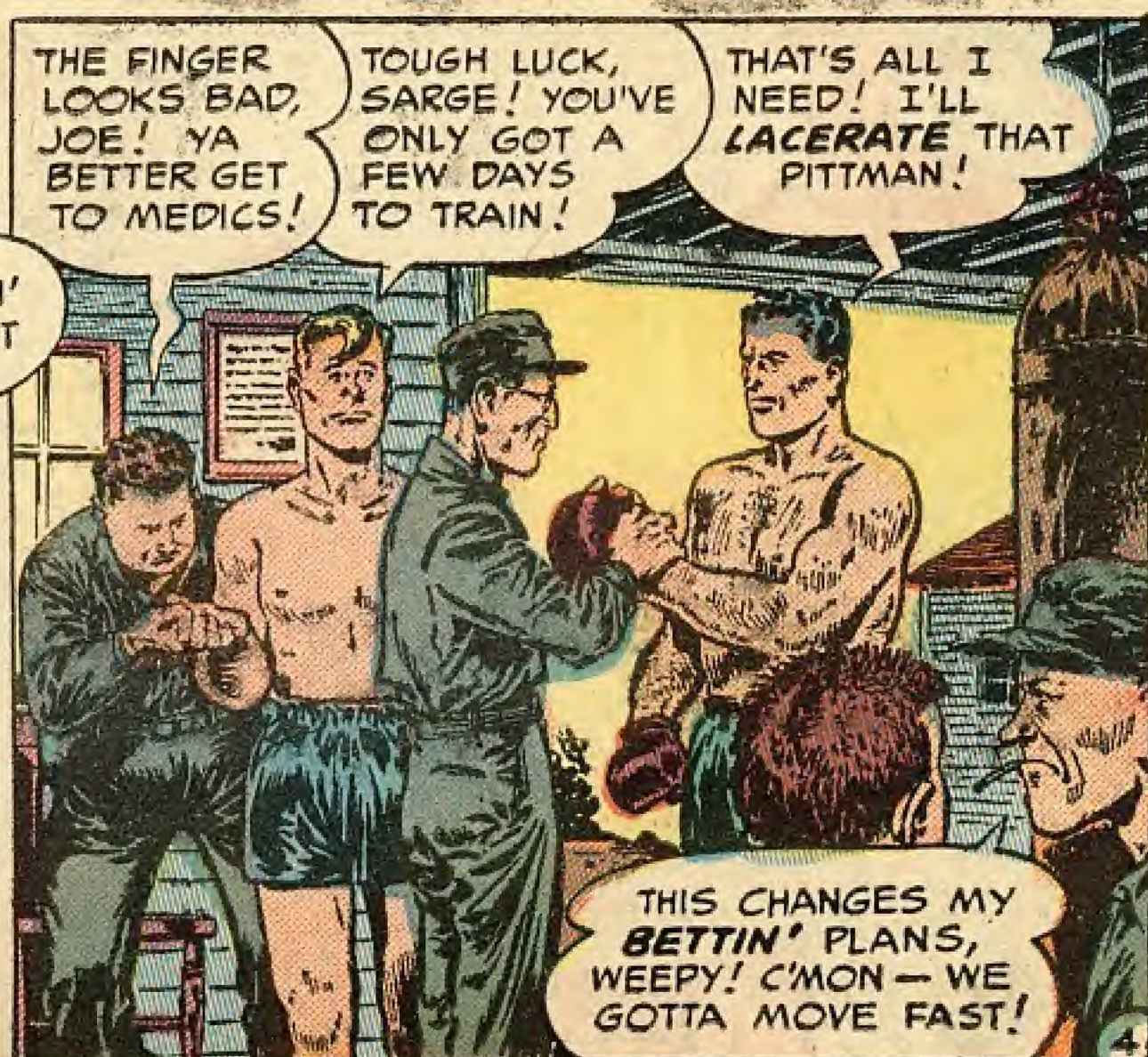
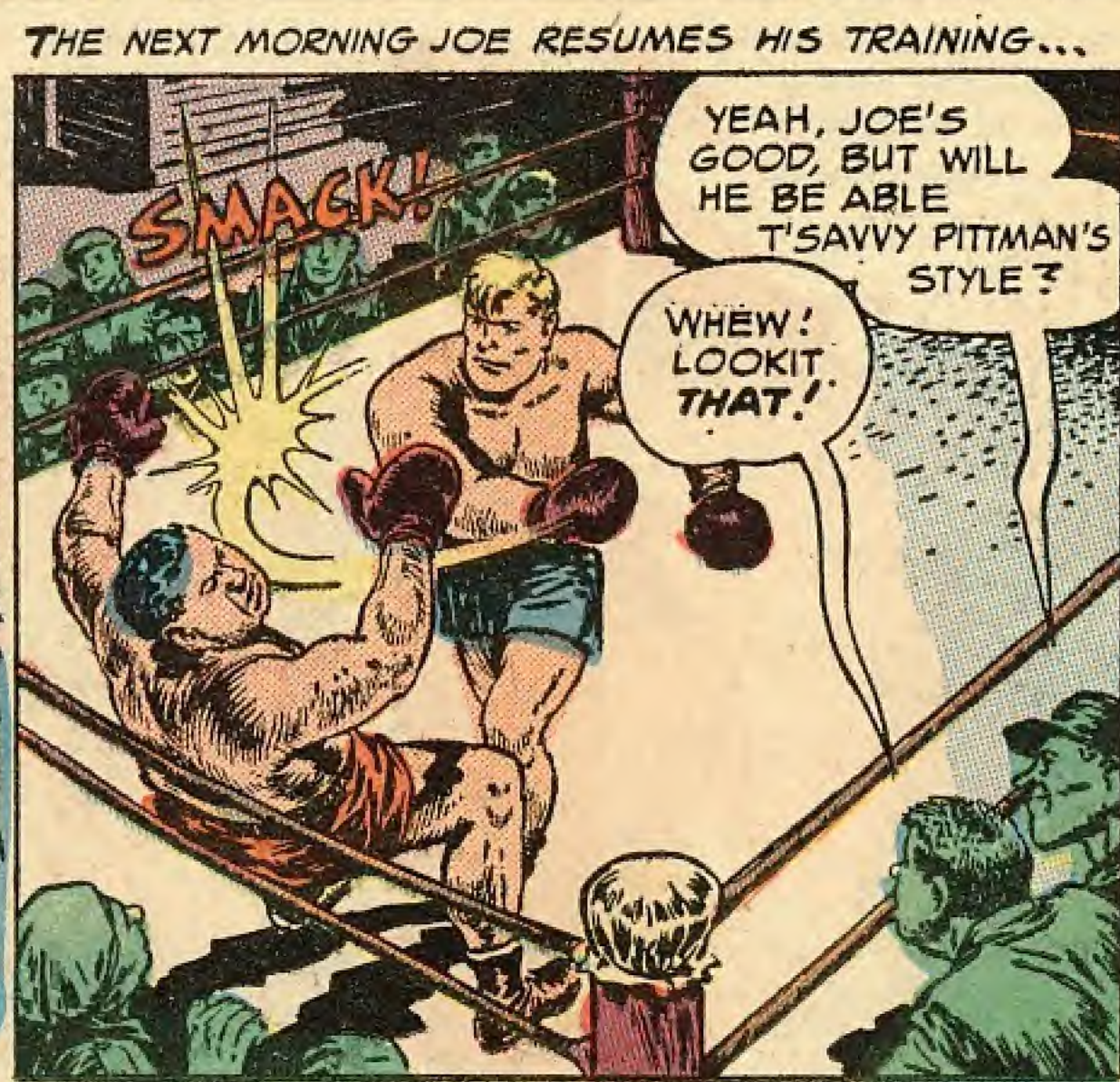


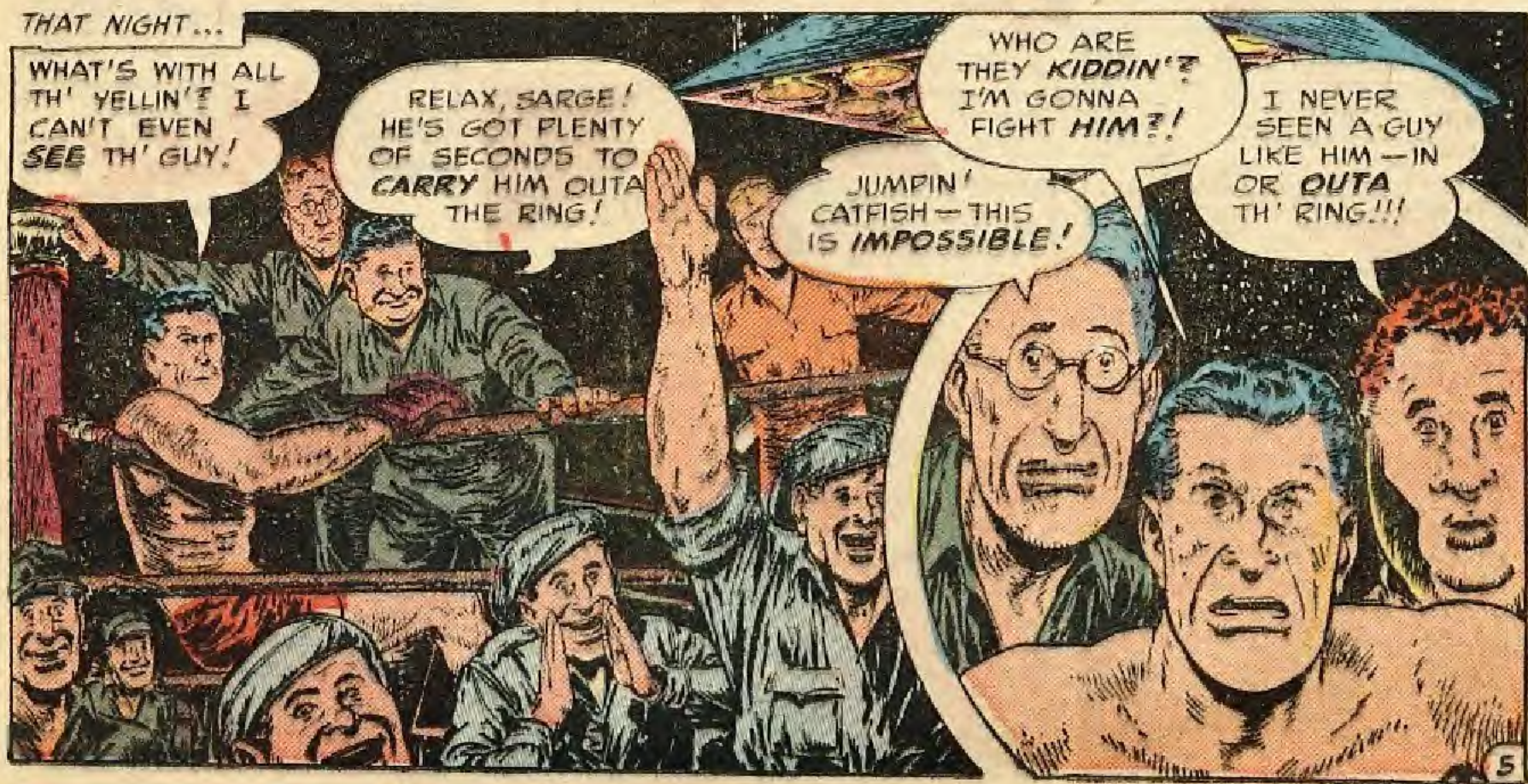
MINUTES LATER...

WEEPY, I GOTTA GET A LOOK AT THIS PITTMAN! THERE'S SOMETHIN' PHONY ABOUT THIS DEAL! A GUY COULD LOSE DOUGH IF HE BET WRONG!

LET'S TALK TO A FEW TOMMIES, STRETCH! WE MIGHT LEARN SOMETHIN'!









IT'S A GAG! I WON'T FIGHT THE GUY!! I'D BE ARRESTED FOR MURDER!

HOW'D HE PASS THE PHYSICAL FER TH' ARMY?

I SMELL SOME-THIN' FISHY - AN' IT AIN'T PITTMAN'S FEET!

SERGEANT SNITTERFIELD QUICKLY DISPELS THE UPROAR CAUSED BY PITTMAN'S APPEARANCE...

...AN' FURTHERMORE, PITTMAN DOUBTS SGT. MULVANEY WILL LAST **FIVE ROUNDS!** 'E'S WILLIN' T'BACK IT UP WITH A TWENTY-POUND WAGER!

I SEE SGT. MULVANEY ACCEPTS! RIGHT-HO! MAY TH' BEST MAN WIN....!

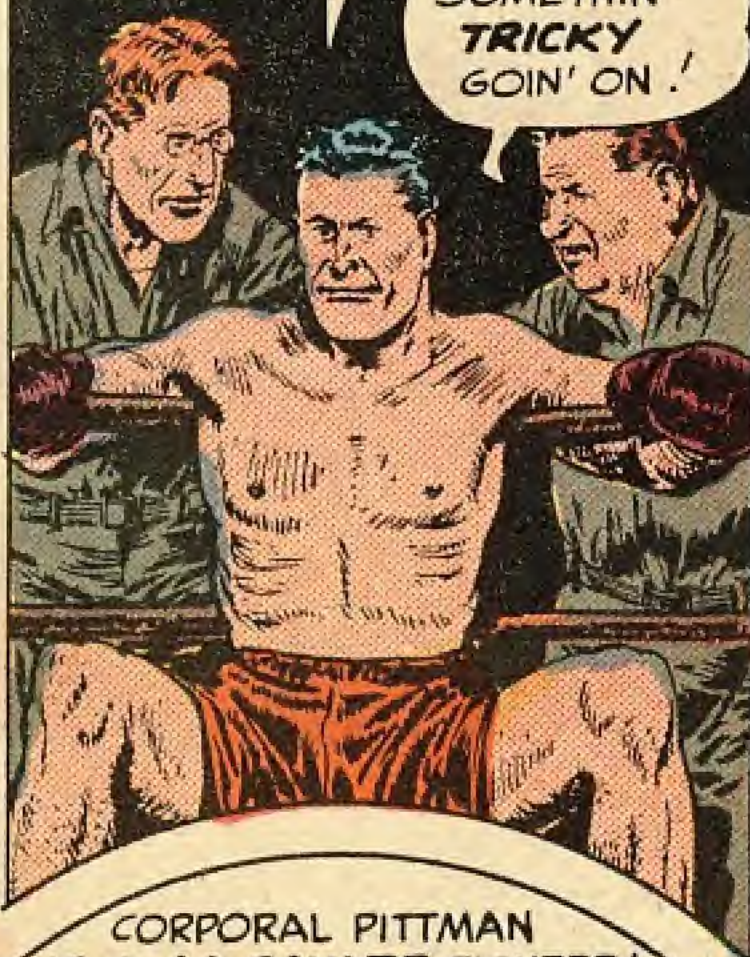


SECONDS LATER...

IT'S A CINCH, SARGE! TAKE YER TIME! Y'KIN FINISH HIM WITH **ONE PUNCH!**

WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON TH' RUNT!

I'M WARNIN' YA, SARGE! WATCH IT! THERE'S SOMETHIN' **TRICKY** GOIN' ON!



A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE BELL, AND...

WHAT KINDA FIGHTIN' IS THAT?

HEY! THIS IS UNFAIR!

WOT KINDA TRICK IS DIS?

CORPORAL PITTMAN IS A **LA SAVATE** FIGHTER! CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD HAS JUST INFORMED ME THAT THE CORPORAL LEARNED **LA SAVATE** FIGHTING WHILE SERVING WITH THE FRENCH IN THE MAQUIS DURING THE LAST WAR! **LA SAVATE** PERMITS USE OF THE FEET AS WELL AS THE FISTS! NOW IT'S UP TO SERGEANT MULVANEY TO DECIDE WHETHER HE WISHES TO CONTINUE!



AT THE CLANG OF THE BELL, MULVANEY IS ACROSS THE RING...

GOOD! MULVANEY'S GONNA CONTINUE TH' FIGHT! GET READY T'COLLECT FROM TH' SUCKERS, WEEPY!

'ATTA BOY, SARGE! YOU'LL LICK HIM!

KICK 'IM OVER HERE, SARGE!

GIT 'IM, SARGE!

WATCH 'IS FEET!

I'LL FLATTEN YA, YA RING DANCER!



WHACK!

OH! TH' POOR SARGE!

MULVANEY'S FINISHED!



BUT AT THE COUNT OF NINE...

HE'S UP! NOW
STAY AWAY FROM
THOSE FEET,
SARGE!

THAT'S TAKIN'
IT, SARGE! NOW
DISH IT OUT!!

SUDDENLY...

HEY, LOOK!
WINSTON
CHURCHILL!!!

YOU'RE NUTS!
THAT AIN'T
WINNIE! THAT'S
JUST ANOTHER
TOMMY!

I KNEW
I RECOGNIZED
THAT FACE!

IT'S 'APPENED AGAIN,
CECIL! WHEREVER I
GO I'M MISTAKEN
FOR OUR PRIME
MINISTER!

BUCK UP,
OLD CHAP! IT
HAIN'T THE WORST
THING THAT
COULD 'APPEN!



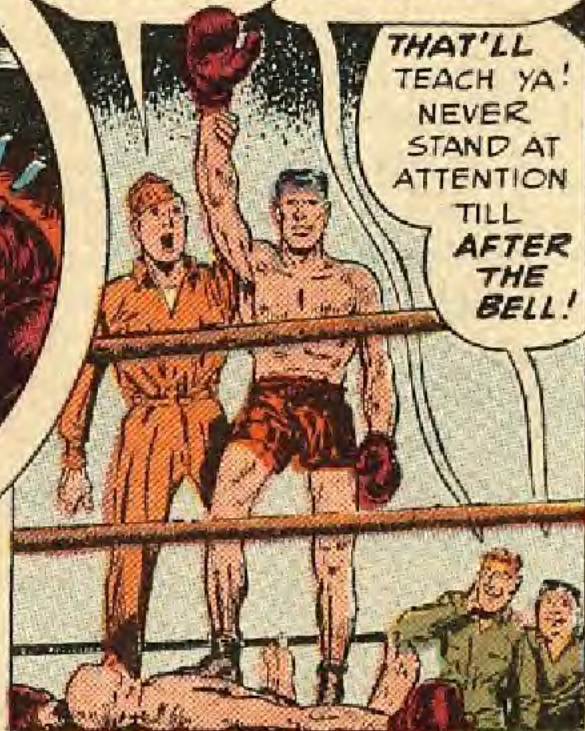
OUR PRIME MINISTER???
HERE IN KOREA?



THE WINNER--
SERGEANT
MULVANEY!

BOY! I COULD
FEEL THAT
PUNCH, SARGE!

THAT'LL
TEACH YA!
NEVER
STAND AT
ATTENTION
TILL
AFTER
THE
BELL!



LATER...

AWRIGHT --
DON'T PUSH!
YOU'LL GET
YER DOUGH!

STRETCH, I *KNEW*
WE MADE A
MISTAKE BETTIN'
AGAINST MULVANEY!

WOT'S WRONG,
STRETCH? YA
LOOK KINDA
WASHED OUT!



STILL LATER...

BUT, SARGE, THIS IS TH'
THIRD TIME YOU'VE HAD
US ON LATRINE DUTY! AN' I
WAS GONNA --

WE THOUGHT
MEBBE YOU'D --
ER, THAT IS, WE
WAS WONDERIN'
IF --

BUT I LIKE
YER WORK!
I'M *CRAZY* FER
TH' WAY YA
MAKE BETS,
TOO! SO I'M
PLANNIN' ANOTHER
LI'L SURPRISE
FER YA!



WHAT A "SURPRISE!"
KP!!

IT COULD
BE WORSE,
STRETCH! JUS'
THINK IF
MULVANEY
LOST!



The End

Reluctant Heroes

"THE ARMY oughta design new insignia for you two characters," growled Sergeant Burley to Tex Latham and Al Conroy as they stood unhappily before him. "Instead of crossed Infantry rifles, you oughta wear somethin' like a coupla cookin' pots crossed on a field of unpeeled potatoes! Ya spend so much time in the kitchen they oughta transfer you to permanent K. P."

"Aw, Oscar," began Tex placatingly . . .

"Don't call me Oscar!" snapped Sgt. Burley. "When I'm bawlin' you out official, I'm Foist Sergeant Boiley! Remember that, character!"

"All right," replied Tex. "Look, sergeant, how did we know the colonel was going to show up?"

"Ya ain't supposed to talk on parade, whether the colonel is there or not," barked Burley. "You're both supposed to know that. Now I got a little news for both of you. This bein' Saturday night, you're probably figurin' on goin' to town. Well," he continued before the two boys could reply, "you ain't! You're both confined to the company area fer the whole week-end! An' no arguments!"

Neither Tex nor Al said a word later that evening, as they watched their buddies leave camp. When the last bus had left, they just sat quietly, thinking mournfully of the two beautiful girls who would wait for them for, at most, an hour before they found two other soldiers who felt like dancing.

Sgt. Burley's sense of timing was perfect. The tail lights of the last bus were still visible down the road when he appeared in front of the two boys with a wide grin. "Hi, my friends," he called with unconvincing cordiality, "how would ya like to go to town tonight?"

"Did you hear something, Al?" asked Tex.

Al shook his head. "Not a sound," he replied.

"Well," barked Burley, "ya better clean out yer ears! This is orders. Col. Buchanan's got some trunks waitin' at the express station in town, an' he wants 'em picked up right away. You two are the only guys around who ain't on detail, so pick up the colonel's jeep and get them trunks!" He waited until he saw the light of an idea dawn in both boys' eyes, then continued brutally, "An' remember, we know how long it takes to drive to town an' back here. So don't get no ideas about stoppin' off on the road nowheres!" As the light died out of both pairs of eyes, Burley barked, "Now, git goin'!"

En route to town, Tex drove, his right foot pressing the accelerator close to the floorboard. Al was busy with a pencil and paper, multiplying and dividing, adding and subtracting. Finally he looked up and shrugged. "It figures this way," he said. "If we keep going at sixty-five, like we're doing now,

we'll have an hour in town with Mamie and June!"

The words were hardly out of Al's mouth when the jeep bucked like a Western bronco, there was a grinding noise from under the hood, and the car slid to a skidding, swirling halt.

Half-an-hour later, Tex shook his head and looked up from under the hood. "Can't do a thing with it," he mumbled. "Got a couple of spots in here that I can see are cracked. Needs a spot welding job. Come on," he added wearily, "start pushin'. We've got to get this heap to a garage."

It took two hours of pushing—luckily it was mostly downhill—to get the jeep to the nearest garage, a dirty little shack marked, in shaky letters, "Thompson's Repair Shop—You Break 'Em—We Re-Make 'Em." After a tremendous honking of the horn had failed to rouse anyone, Tex beat at the door until a surly fat man ambled out and growled, "Whaddaya want? I'm busy."

"You Thompson?" asked Tex. As the fat man nodded, he went on, "Look, fellow, we're in a jam. This is the colonel's jeep, and it's broken. If we don't get it fixed, we'll probably get court-martialed. Be a good guy, will you, and get it straightened out—but fast. Here, look." By the time Tex had grabbed Thompson's arm and had pulled him over to the jeep, Al had the hood open, and could point to the cracked insides. "I can see it needs a fast spot-welding job. How soon?"

Thompson scowled. "Not for at least a week. And it'll cost you guys a hundred bucks!"

"Oh, no," moaned Tex weakly, thinking of the seven dollars in his pocket.

"Okay," snapped Al, who then turned to Tex and added, "What's the matter with you? This time we're in the clear. It's not our fault that the heap broke down." He looked up at Thompson. "We'll double the price, if you can get it done tonight. Just give us a bill made out to Col. Buchanan at the camp. Here's his registration," and he pulled the registration papers out of the dashboard compartment.

Thompson nodded. "For two hundred bucks, you get it tonight. Make yourselves comfortable, boys."

While Thompson's truck pulled the jeep over to the work-pit, Al and Tex invested a couple of nickels in the slot machine and the Coke dispenser. Then, bored, they began wandering around the grounds surrounding the small garage and service station. Suddenly Al looked at his hands. "Pretty dirty work, pushing," he said. "Let's get cleaned up, so we'll look respectable when we get out of here." He pointed to a building in the rear. "That

looks like it might have a wash room."

The two boys ambled over to the building and pulled open the plain board door. As they did so, two hard-looking men looked up from the floor on which they were kneeling in front of a pile of cases. "Whaddaya want?" one of them growled.

"Just looking for some place to wash," said Al.

"Outside, mugg," snarled the other. "In the garage. We're busy."

As Al turned to leave, Tex grabbed his arm. "Wait a minute," he said excitedly. "Those are Army cases! We ought to know . . . we've had to move enough of them! Where'd you guys get them?" he demanded.

With one swift motion the two bruisers were on their feet, standing between the soldiers and the door. "Wouldn't you like to know?" one sneered, as the other moved to the door and yelled, "Hey, Thompson! Come over here! Something's up!"

Two minutes later Al and Tex found themselves facing three grim-looking men who were carefully rolling up their sleeves. "Now, wait a minute," said Tex. "What's going on here? What did we do?"

"Nothing," replied Thompson. "But *we're* goin' to do somethin' to you! We don't like snoopers here, see?"

Back in camp, Tex and Al were considered pretty good with their fists. They had both boxed as amateurs, and they had learned something about judo during basic training. But these bruisers knew every dirty trick in the book. They started to pile on them, punching, kicking and butting.

Both boys were just about ready to pass out from the terrific beating they were taking, when they heard a loud clatter outside the shack, and the shrill squealing of Army whistles. As the door was flung open and a flood of M. P.'s poured in, headed by Sgt. Burley, Tex muttered weakly: "I never thought I'd be glad to see an M. P., but right now I am!"

The two soldiers and the three others were yanked to their feet. Burley strode angrily in front of Tex and Al and yelled: "So this is where you hang out! The colonel's burnin' up. You should've been back long ago. So I came to look for you myself! You guys ain't heard the last of this! The colonel's right behind us!"

"Listen, sarge," interrupted Tex eagerly. "These

guys have been swiping Army stuff! Here it is—look at all these cases, and they're all marked with the name of our camp!"

"A great story," sneered Burley, while the M. P.'s laughed. "If they're crooks, you two characters probably helped them get away with the stuff! I've had my eyes on you for a long time," he concluded ominously.

"Well," yelled Tex furiously, "you better get your eyes off us, then! We've got nothing to do with these guys, and you know it! We

were in the colonel's jeep, headed for town, when it broke down, and we pushed that heap all the way here, trying to get it fixed. It was the first service station we hit—that's why we stopped. And if it hadn't been for that, you and your M. P.'s would never have known enough to follow us and find these crooks who've been looting our supplies!"

Nobody in the room had noticed the entrance of the man who came in during Tex's last sentence but as the angry soldier finished, he

stepped forward, as they all snapped to attention.

"Col. Buchanan, sir," stammered Burley, "I want to report . . ."

"I've heard enough," snapped the colonel. Then turning to the M. P.'s, he thundered, "Put these crooks under arrest immediately!"

The colonel grinned broadly. "You two men," he said to Tex and Al, "have done a wonderful job. Post Headquarters has been aware of the fact that someone has been stealing from us for months. I'm proud of you, and," he smiled, "when you get back to camp after your week's leave, you'll find the papers waiting for you, that promote you both to sergeants." As Tex and Al stared blissfully and Burley gasped, the colonel continued, "It's pretty late now, boys, so I imagine you're anxious to get to town." He turned to Burley. "Sergeant," he added, "drive these two men to town in your own jeep and make out a week's pass for them, and leave them there with the jeep. You can come back to camp on the bus."

As Col. Buchanan turned on his heel and left, Tex turned to Al. "What do you think of the Army now?" he asked, glancing at Burley's apoplectic face.

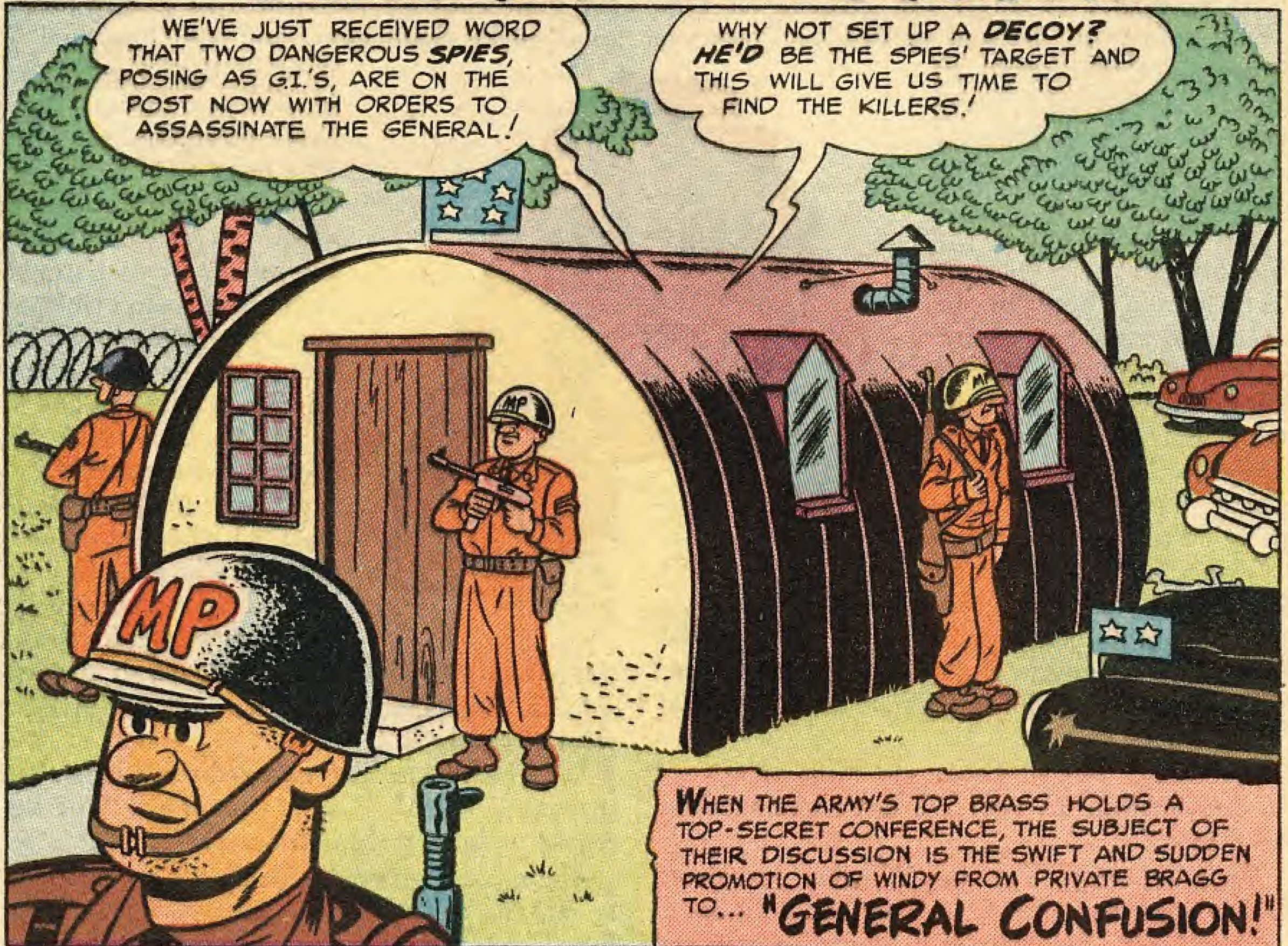
"Heaven, pal," murmured Al blissfully. "Just plain Heaven!"

THE END



The **YARDBIRDS**

in GENERAL CONFUSION



SOON...

MEN, YOU ARE NOW, **GENERAL BRAGG** AND HIS AIDE, **MAJOR HICKS**! CONGRATULATIONS!

HUH?

DOES THAT MEAN WE OUTRANK SERGEANT GRUFF?



OF COURSE, THESE ARE **TEMPORARY** COMMISSIONS!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! I WASN'T PLANNING ON MAKING THE ARMY MY CAREER!



YOUR UNIFORMS!

BOY! WAIT TILL THE GALS SEE THESE STARS! I'LL MAKE SURE **EVERYONE** SEES ME IN THIS OUTFIT!

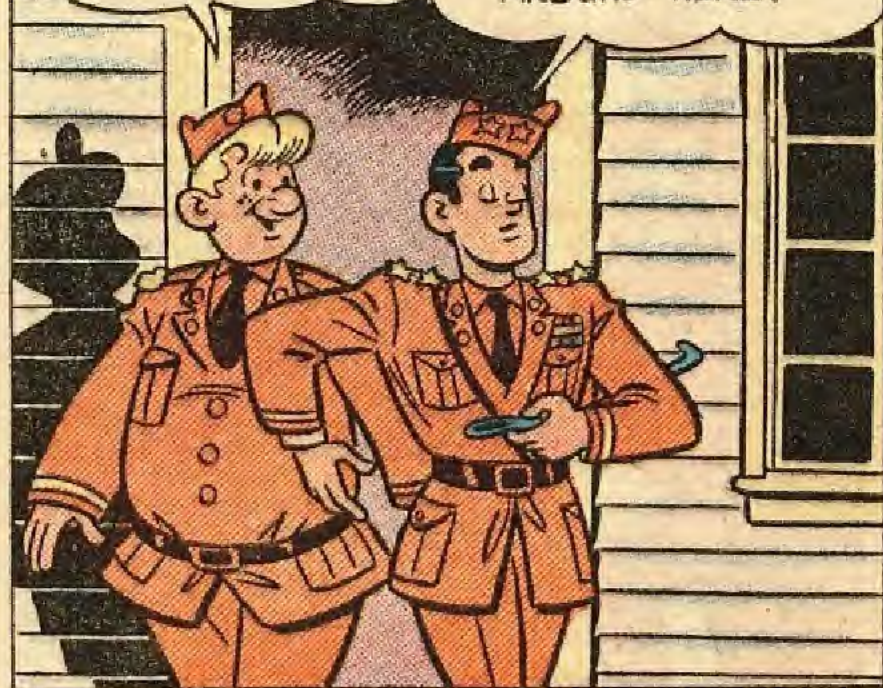
FINE! THAT FITS RIGHT IN WITH MY PLANS!



SOON...

GEE, WINDY, THIS GET-UP SURE LOOKS A LOT BETTER THAN MY OLD UNIFORM!

STAY ONE STEP TO MY REAR, MAJOR... LET'S NOT FORGET WHO IS THE **GENERAL** AROUND HERE!



GENERAL BRAGG, ORDERS OF THE DAY FOR YOU TO SIGN!

AT EASE, CAPTAIN! MAJOR HICKS, READ THE PROGRAM TO ME! I TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN THE ENLISTED MEN'S ACTIVITIES... I WAS ONE ONCE MYSELF!



NINE TO TEN... DRILL WITH RIFLES! TEN TO ELEVEN -- DRILL WITHOUT RIFLES! ELEVEN TO TWELVE --- OPTIONAL DRILL -- WITH OR WITHOUT RIFLES...

DRILL! DRILL! DRILL! WHO MADE THIS UP -- A **DENTIST**?





MEANWHILE...

LIEUTENANTS POLICING THE AREA! SERGEANTS ON KP! ENLISTED MEN DANCING AT THE OFFICERS CLUB! I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER AGAIN!

NO, GENERAL! NO! THOSE TWO SPIES ARE STILL ON THE LOOSE!



WELL, FIND THEM! THOSE TWO MANIACS WILL RUIN THE CAMP!

THEY'RE JUST HARMLESS TARGETS, SIR! YOU MUST STAY HERE A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. THE SPIES ARE SURE TO STRIKE SOON!



MEANWHILE...

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE SERVICE, AIDE! HOW ABOUT A LIGHT?

COMING RIGHT UP, SIR... AS SOON AS I CAN FIND A LIGHTER!

PSST!



HERE Y'ARE, GEN'RAL!

THANKS!



THAT'S FUNNY, SOMETHIN'S WRONG WITH THIS LIGHTER!

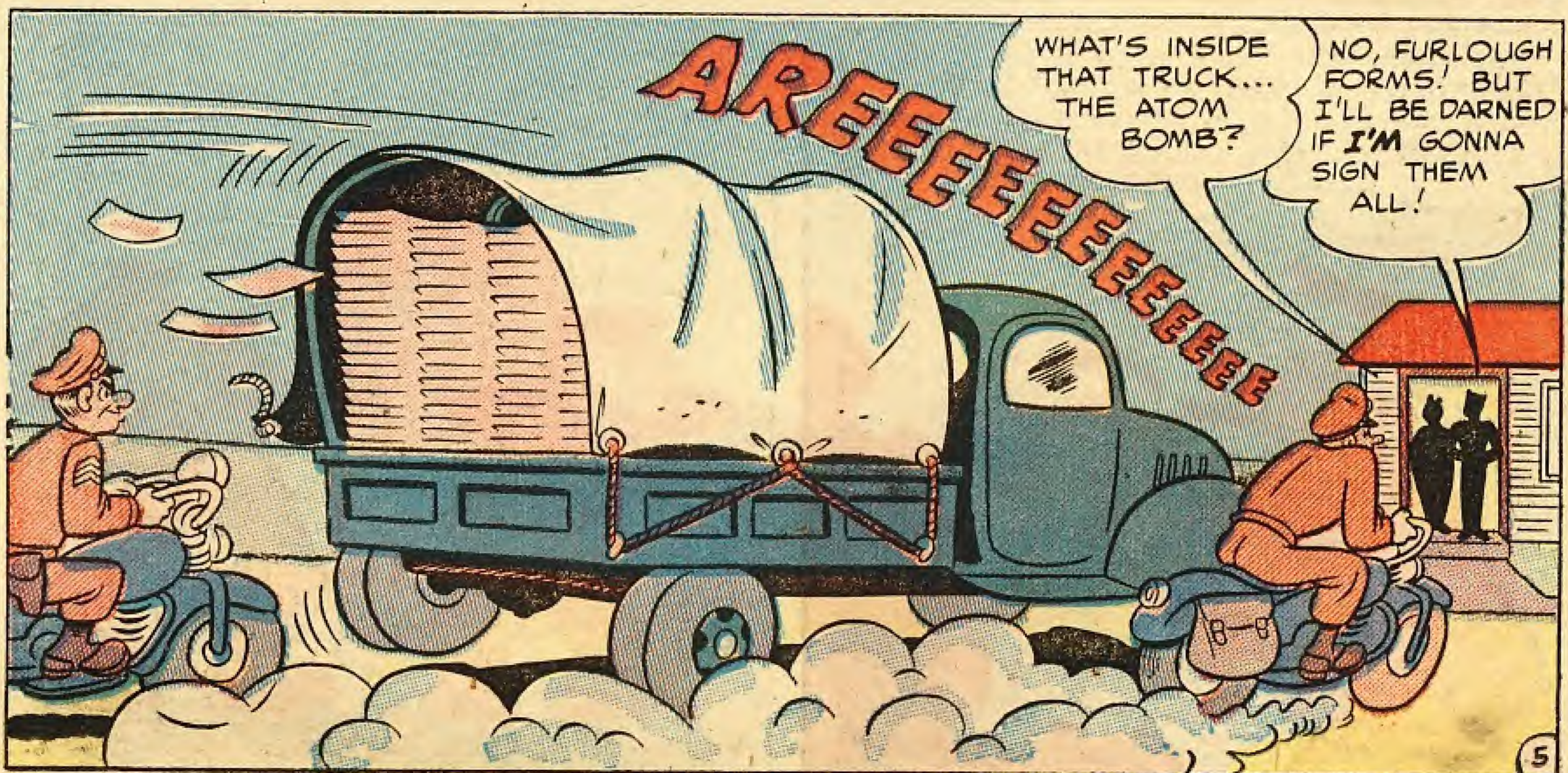
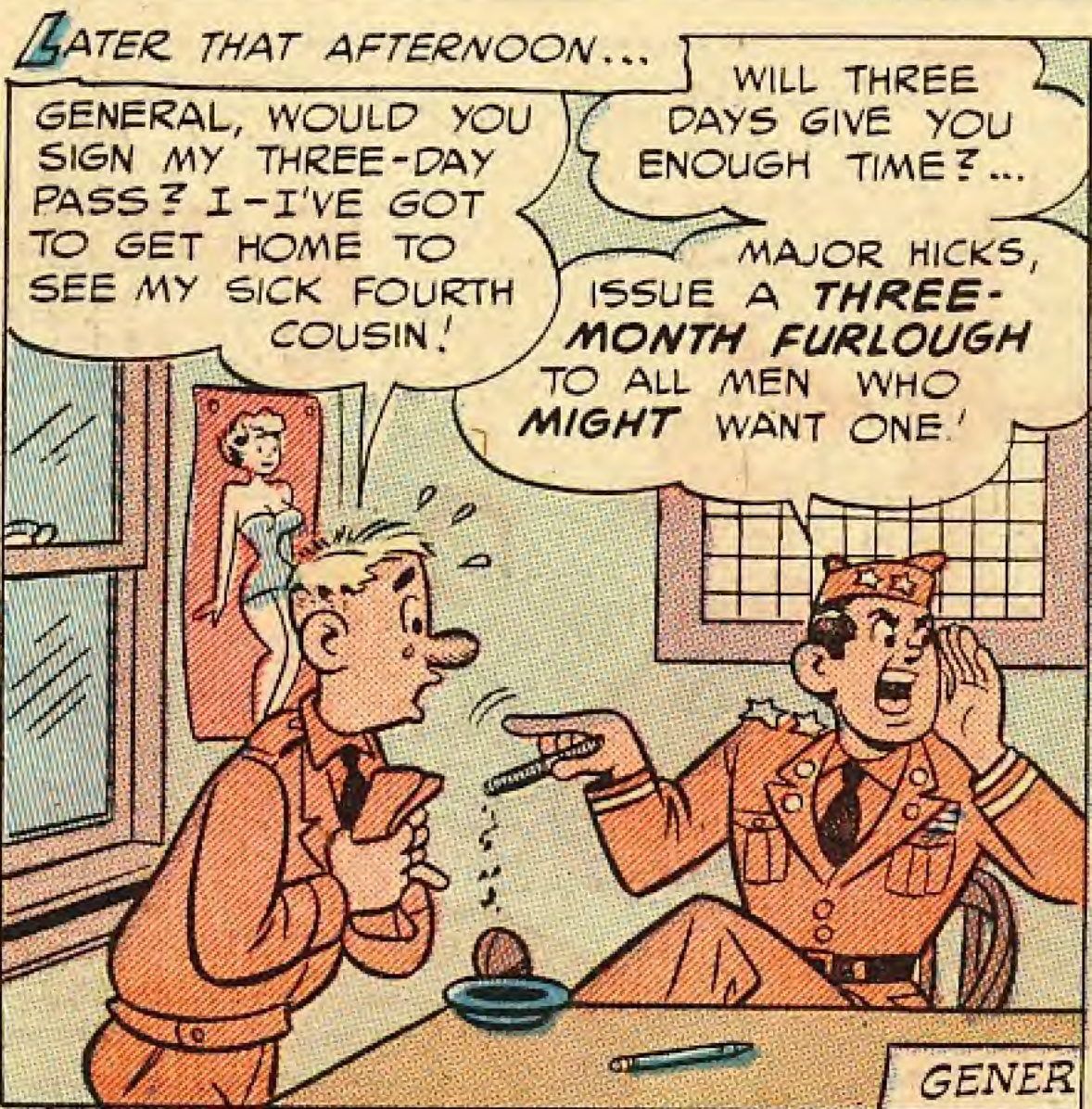
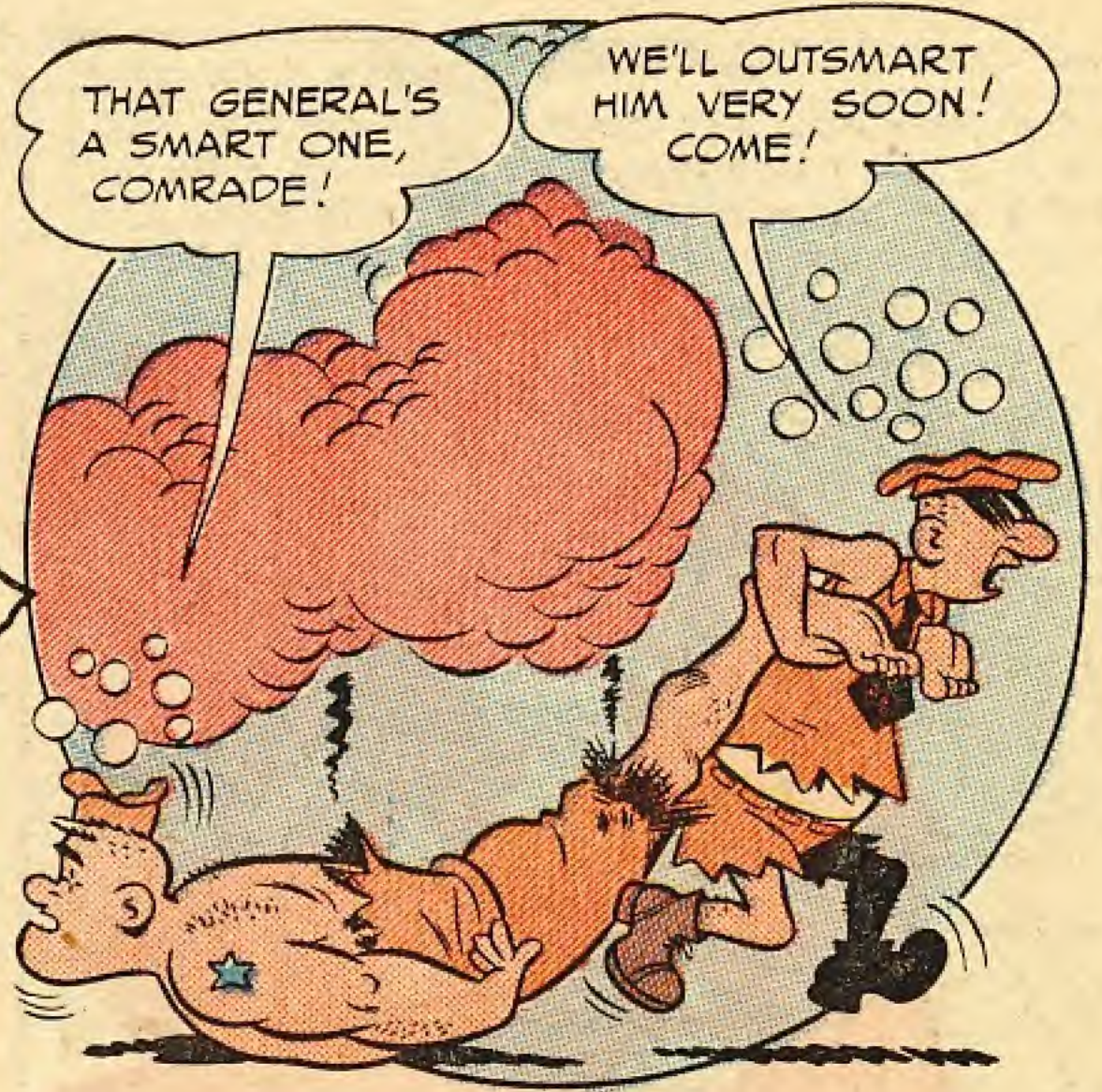
TOSS IT OUT THE WINDOW! I'LL REPLACE IT WITH A CUTE WAG WHO'LL CARRY A TORCH FOR ME!



WINDY, WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

LET'S SEE HOW GRUFF IS DOING ON GARBAGE DETAIL! I WONDER IF HE'S BLOWN HIS TOP YET?





AND SO...

KEEP SIGNING, SERGEANT!
AND STOP WRITING
PRIVATE BRAGG --
IT'S **GENERAL**
BRAGG!

Y-YES, SIR!
(GROAN)
THIS IS THE
LAST FORM!



WINDY, OUT OF 6,342 OFFICERS AND
MEN ON THIS POST, YOU'VE ISSUED
FURLOUNDS TO 6,340-- THAT
LEAVES ONLY TWO
G.I.'S ON THE POST!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THEM?

SAY! I'LL BET
THOSE TWO
ARE THE **SPIES**!



SPIES?
WHAT
SPIES?

THE ONES WE'RE TRYING TO
CATCH BY MAKING YOU A
SITTING TARGET AND
GRABBING THEM **AFTER**
THEY MAKE A TRY ON YOUR
LIFE! DIDN'T COLONEL FUMES
TELL YOU THAT?



ALL HE SAID WAS THAT
THE COMMISSIONS WERE
TEMPORARY, AND AS FAR
AS I'M CONCERNED, THEY
END RIGHT NOW!

LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE
FAST!



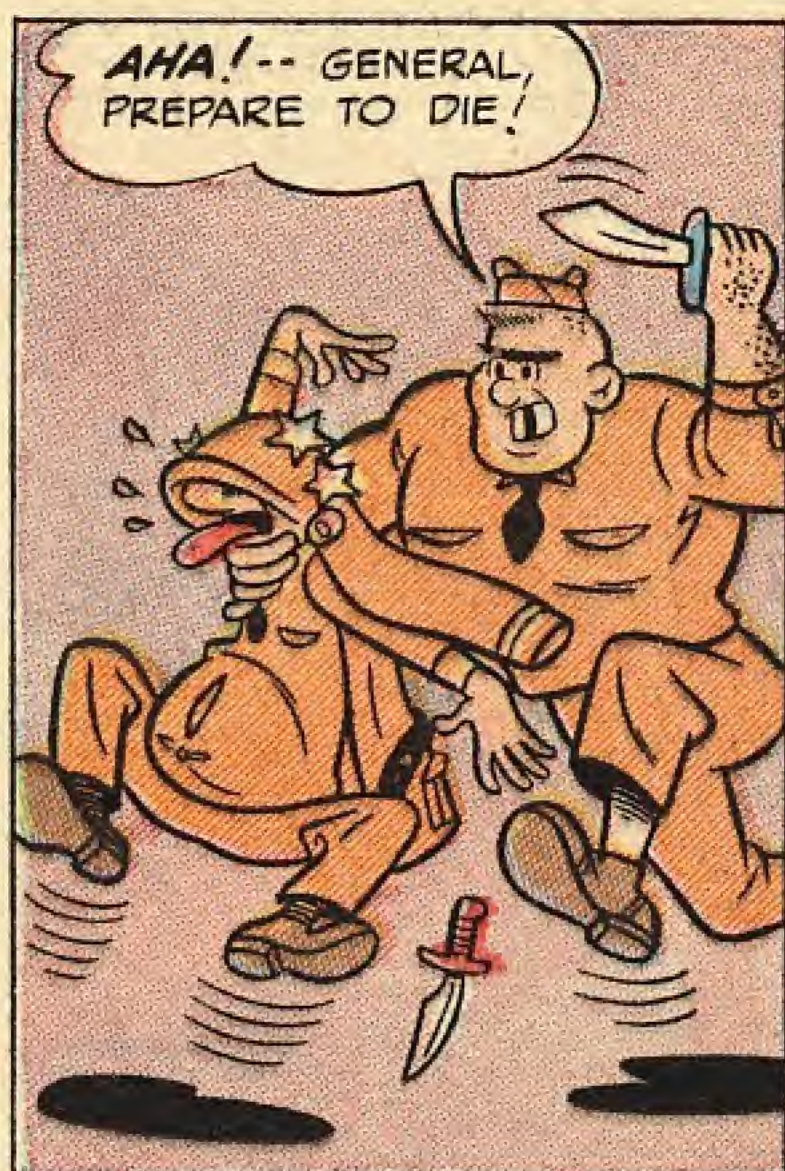
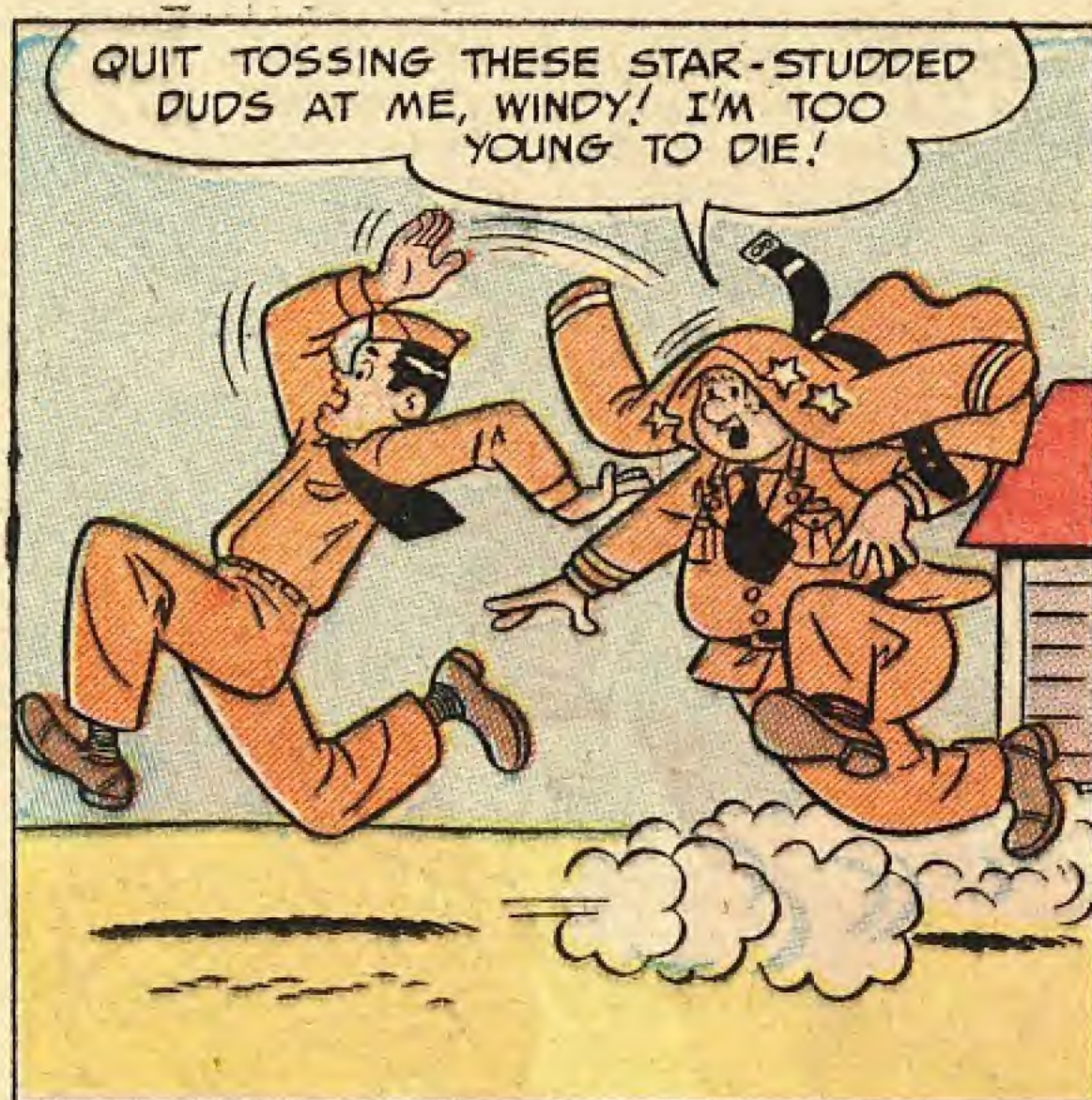
I'M PEEING THESE DUDS!
THEY MAKE ME FEEL LIKE
THE BULL'S-EYE ON A
TARGET!

COMRADE,
LOOK!



GO AROUND THE BUILDING ON
THE LEFT! I'LL FOLLOW BEHIND
THEM ON THE RIGHT!





TWO MONTHS LATER...





**A
SALVO
OF ENTERTAINMENT
IN
DIGEST SIZE**

**FACT!
FICTION!
ADVENTURE!
HUMOR!**



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NEW
It's
OUT
JANUARY
20th**

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The Terrible Solomons
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RESERVE YOUR COPY AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

G.I. Joe

in The VANISHING AMERICAN

ALL KINDS OF MEN ARE FIGHTING FOR THE U.N. IN KOREA--MANY OF THEIR BACKGROUNDS WOULD BE STRANGE TO US. TO JOE BURCH THE STRANGEST OF ALL WAS THAT OF THE SOLDIER WHO WAS AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN -- A COMANCHE INDIAN!





I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, YOU-- YOU-- INDIAN!



HEY, MULVANEY! REPORT TO LIEUTENANT PARKER RIGHT AWAY!



G-2 REPORTS COMMIE CAVALRY IN THESE HILLS, SERGEANT! IT'S A LARGE FORCE-- TAKE PLENTY OF MEN!

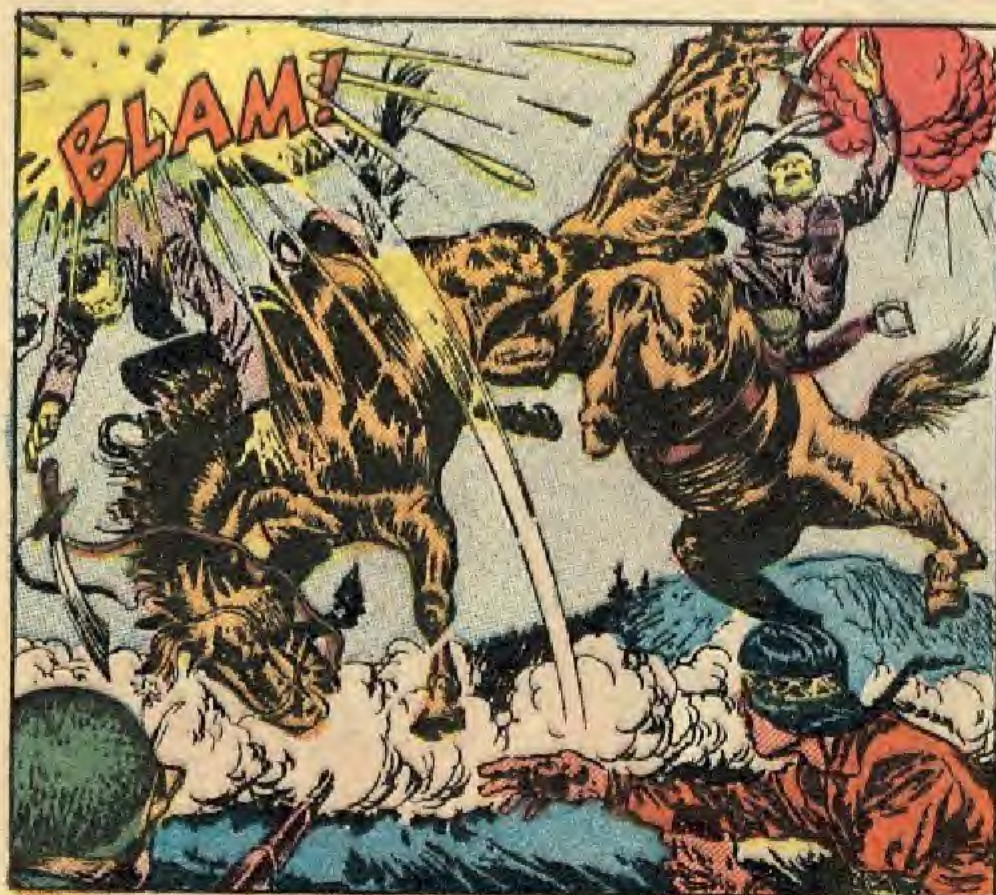
YES, SIR!

MULVANEY TAKES HIS PATROL INTO THE HILLS. SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



MULVANEY-- THERE THEY ARE! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!

GET BEHIND THE ROCKS! QUICK!



BLAM!

AND THEN AS SUDDENLY AS THEY APPEARED, THE CAVALRY IS GONE, LEAVING THEIR DEAD AND WOUNDED...

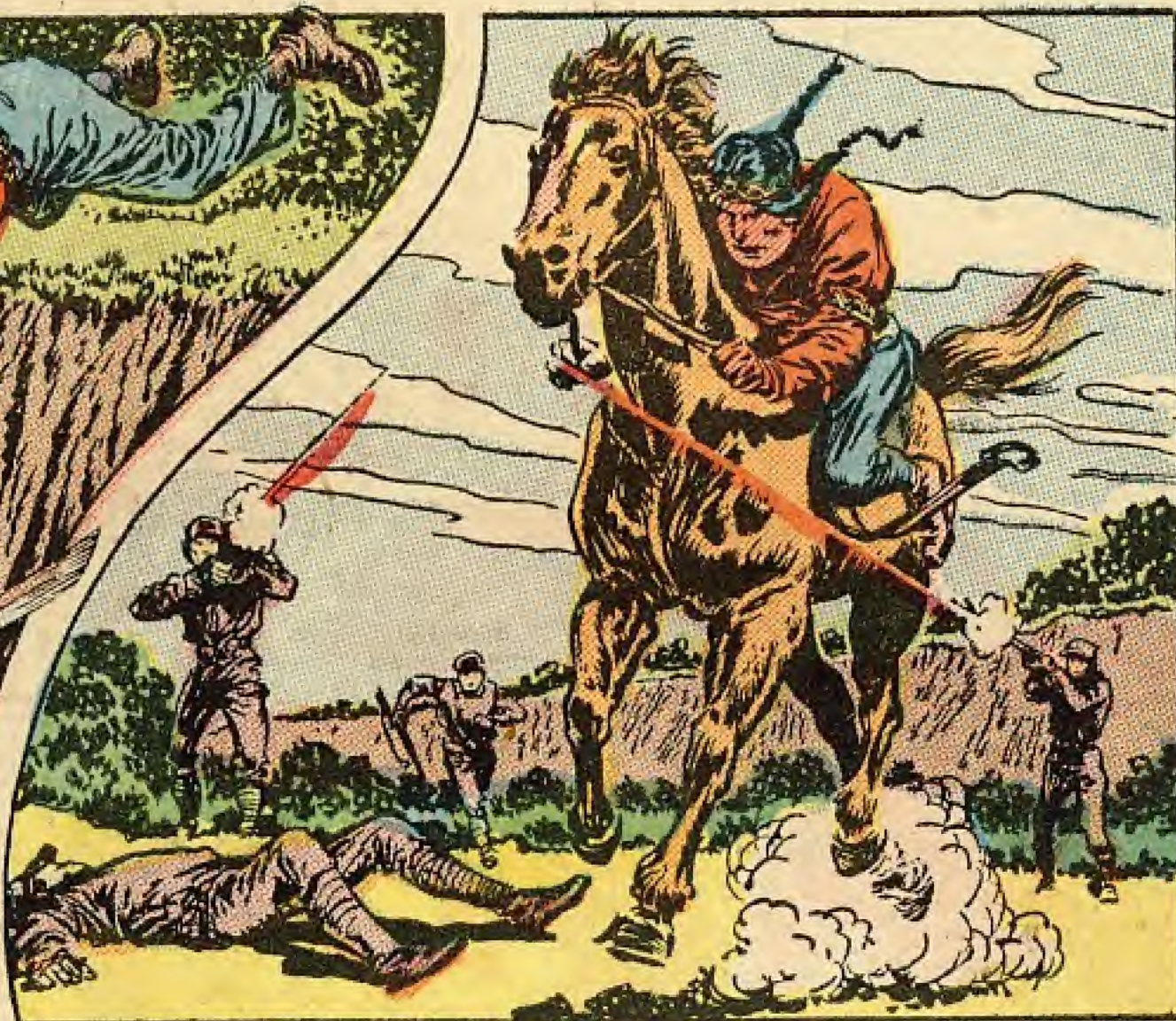


WE BEAT 'EM OFF!

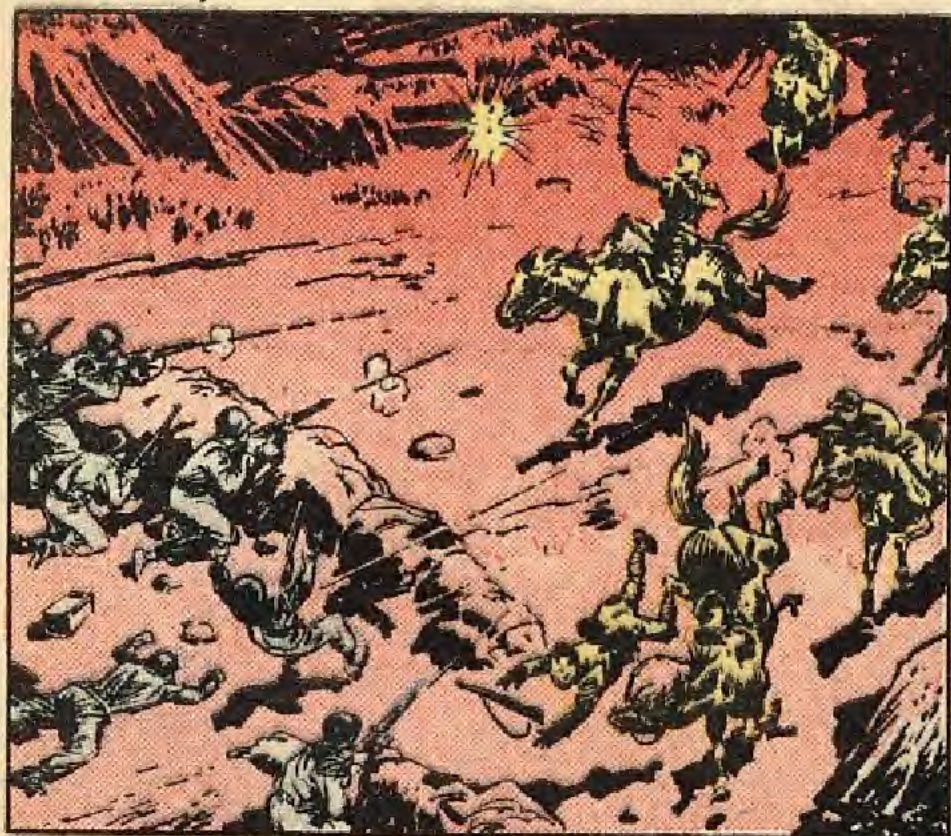
YEAH, JOE, BUT THEY'LL BE BACK-- THAT WAS JUST A PROBING ATTACK!



BUT THE COMANCHE FINDS EVERY EXIT CLOSED. THEN...



SUDDENLY, THE REDS LAUNCH ANOTHER ATTACK!



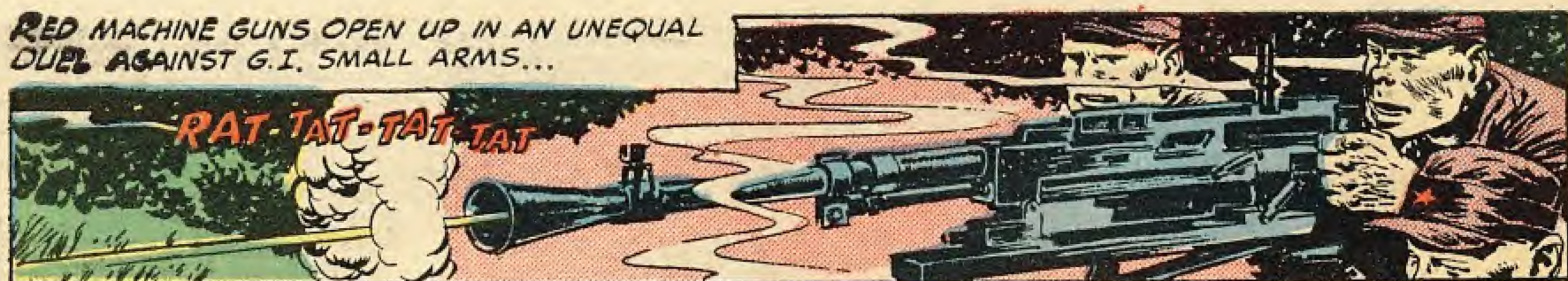
AND AGAIN THEY RETREAT IN THE FACE OF THE G.I.'S FIERCE RESISTANCE...

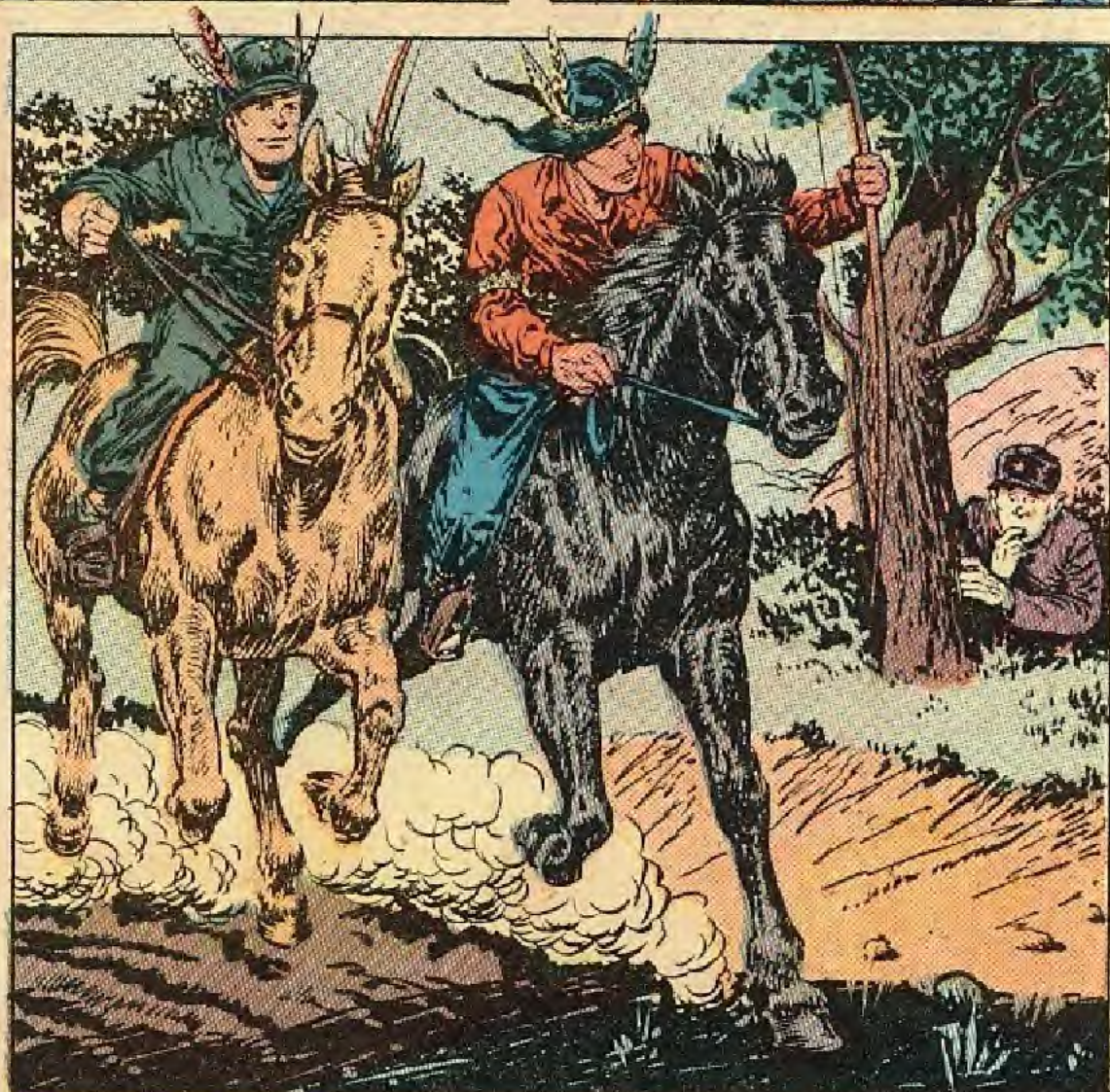


STRIPPING A SAPLING OF ITS BRANCHES, THE COMANCHE USES A SHOELACE AND THE FEATHERS OF THE GEESE TO MAKE ...

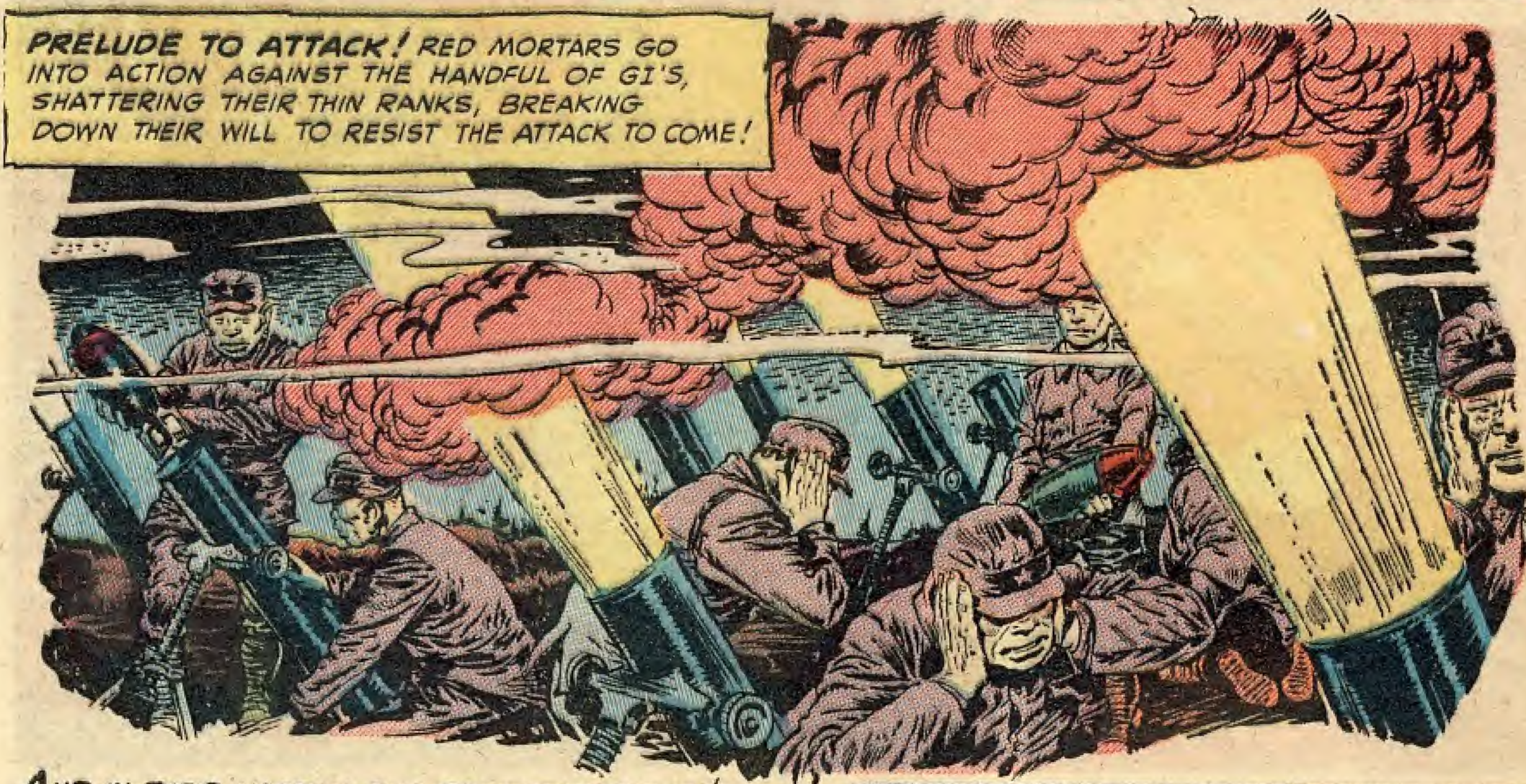


RED MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP IN AN UNEQUAL DUEL AGAINST G.I. SMALL ARMS...

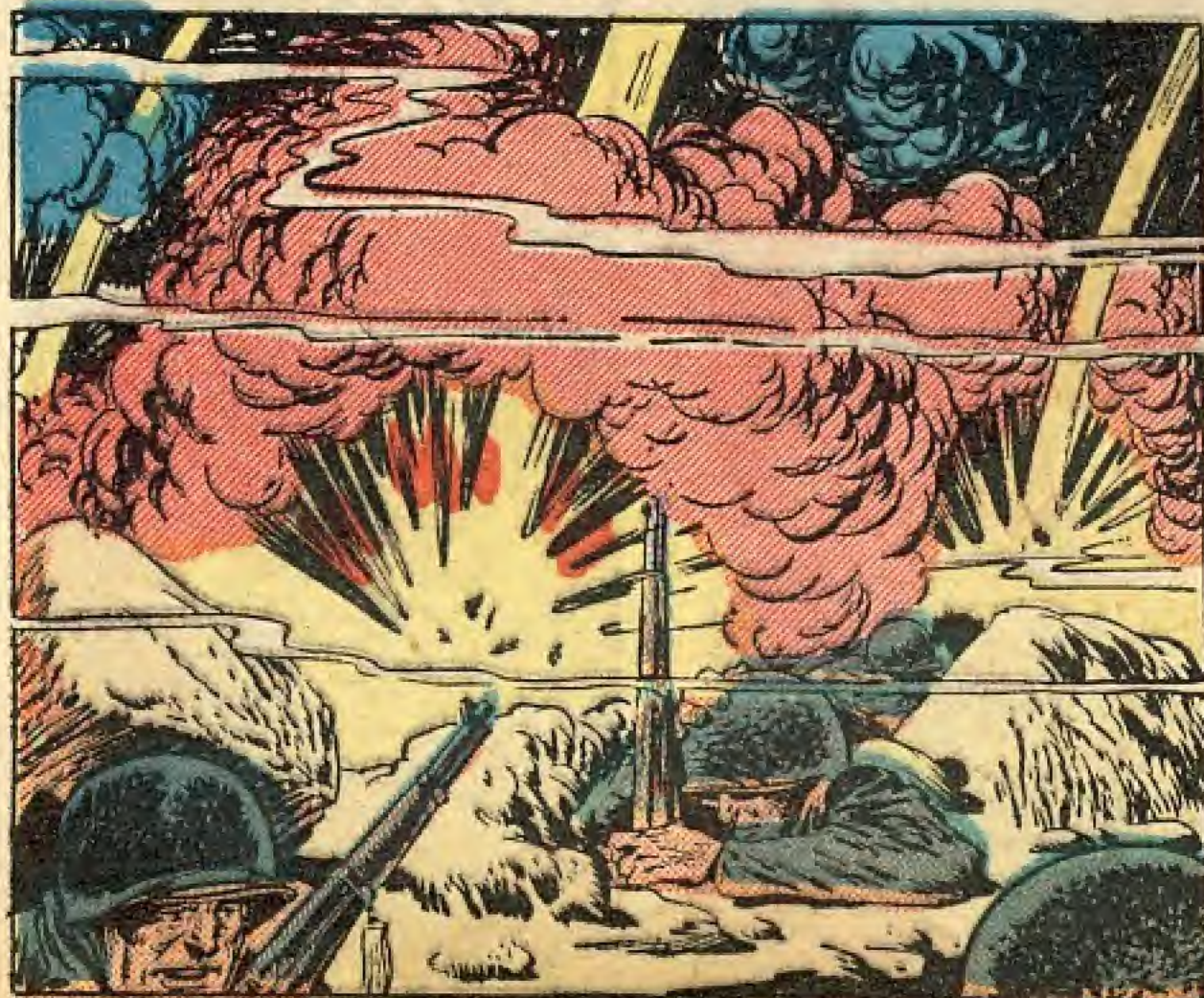




WHILE BACK AT THE COMMUNIST
COMMAND POST...



AND IN THEIR HASTILY DUG POSITIONS THE GI'S NUMBLY CROUCH AGAINST THE HAIL OF DEATH RAINING DOWN UPON THEM!



LASHED ON BY JOE AND LITTLE HORSE, THE **CRATED** PONIES STAMPEDE THROUGH THE RED RANKS, LEAVING DESTRUCTION AND TURMOIL IN THEIR WAKE! IMMEDIATELY, THE GIS ATTACK, AND...

GET GOIN',
YOU PONIES,
GIT!



... THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS!
THE REDS ARE CRUSHED!



WELL, MULVANEY --
WHADDAYA THINK
OF LITTLE
HORSE **NOW?**

HE'S A GOOD
GUY-- EVEN IF
HE NEVER SAYS
NOTHIN'! HECK--
HE CAN EVEN KEEP
HIS LONG HAIR!

THANKS EVER SO
MUCH, OLD CHAP... THESE
LOCKS HAVE BEEN MY
TALISMAN-- EVER SINCE I
WENT TO COLUMBIA
UNIVERSITY!



THE END

NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



JETEX JAVELIN

SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the JETEX JAVELIN, \$2.70. Rush the coupon and you get both the JETEX JAVELIN and the JETEX #50 jet engine for only \$1.98! (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.).

\$1.98

Includes fuel supply.

Designed by Commander Wallis Rigby

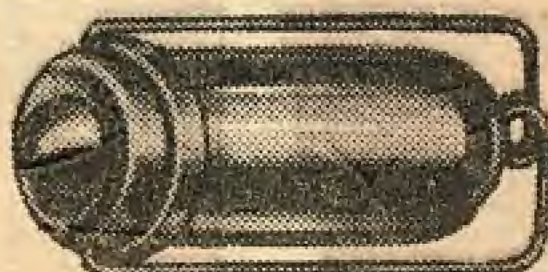
Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done!"

GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

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The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! It runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable, NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



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Why waste your time on a drudge job at low pay when you can learn to install and repair television sets so easily! As a technician, you can earn up to \$100 a week and more — with lots of opportunity for overtime. There's a shortage of technicians with 16 million sets now in operation. Experts say that within five years, 50 million receivers will be in use. *What a chance to get in on the ground floor!* You can quickly get a high-pay job with a dealer; open a shop of your own; or earn plenty of spare-time profits. C.T.I. trains you in months for success — at home in spare time.

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Besides assembling the television set, you also build your power supply unit; a fixed frequency generator; a grading bar generator (which creates a signal and makes testing possible even in remote areas). You build many circuits—get sound, comprehensive training applicable to any set, any make. You get special instruction with each kit.

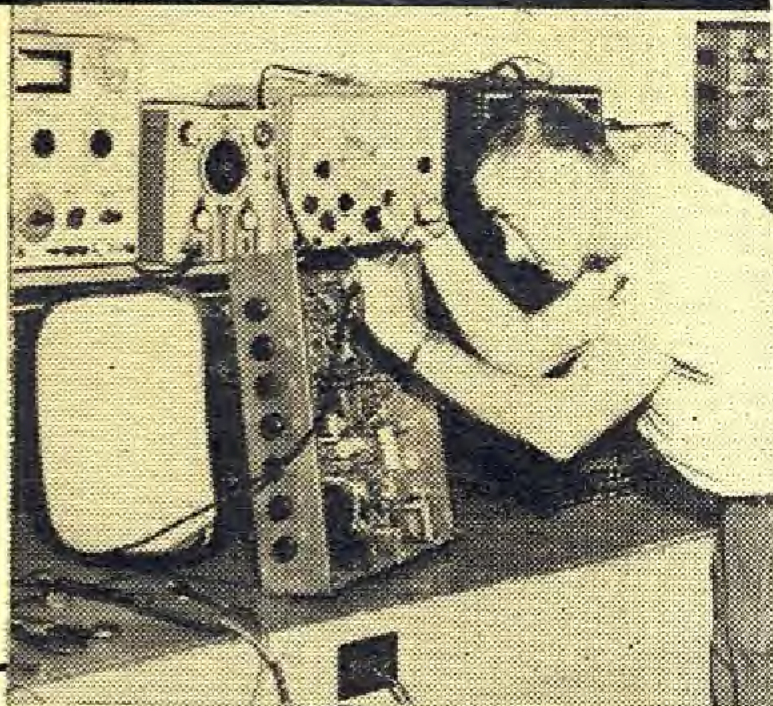
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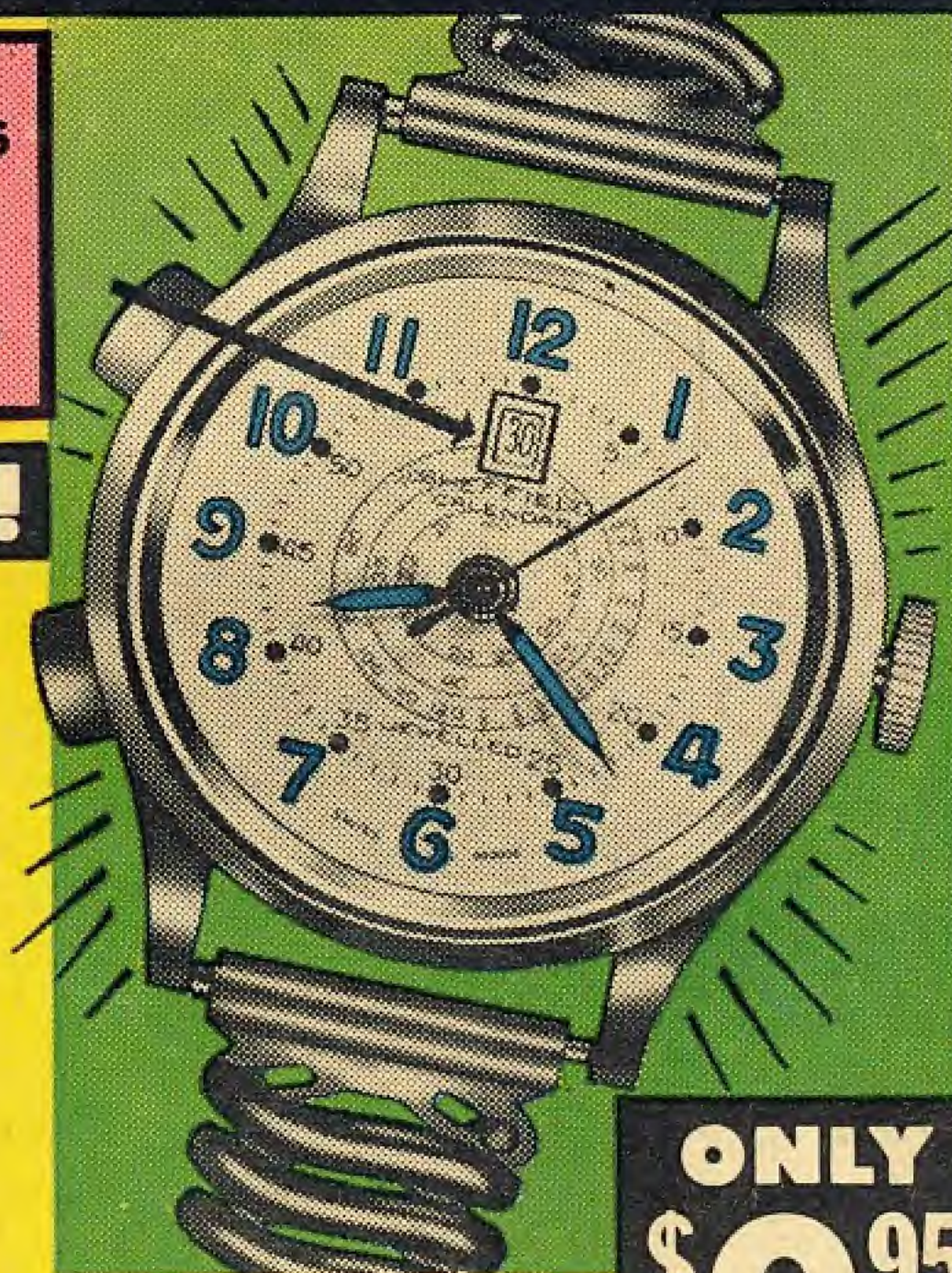
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